IN PICTURE LAND

CHILDREN'S FAVORITE MASTERPIECES WITH LITTLE STORIES IN VERSE

By FLORENCE W. SWITTON

IN PICTURE LAND

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IN PICTURE LAND

When all is still and the moon shines bright,
I tuck my head far out of sight;
And close my eyes till the sandman calls,
And sleep from heaven downward falls.

I dream and wander far away
Where books have held my thoughts all day;
For picture land is wide awake
While grown-up folk their night rest take.

The brownies never, never sleep,
The birdies sing their softest "peep,"
In endless beat from left to right,
The boats and horses rock all night.

My sweetest dreams are from the books
In picture land's secluded nooks,
Where childish hearts may join in thought,
Where master hands their work have wrought.

Frontispiece *From the painting by Vogel.*

AT PLAY

My sweetest dreams are from the books
In picture land's secluded nooks,
Where childish hearts may join in thought,
Where master hands their work have wrought.

IN PICTURE LAND

Children's Favorite Masterpieces With Little Stories in Verse

By
Florence W. Switton

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FLORENCE W. SWITTON

TO

JAMES AND MINETA

MY DEAREST CHILDREN,
WHOSE TINY HANDS WERE
THE INSPIRATION THAT LED
ME THROUGH CHILDHOOD'S
WONDROUS PICTURE LAND.

FOREWORD

DEAR CHILDREN:—

Now for a real heart-to-heart chat! Tell me candidly, haven't you often wished you and teacher could change places? It would be so much more fun to sit on the high chair instead of the tiny low bench!

In writing this book for you, I have traveled back through years when I, too, was a little girl, living in thought those happy childhood days when I dreamt that some day perhaps I would be sitting at a teacher's desk. And then, oh, I would see that the youngsters would obey every single look and word!

And so, time passed, my little ones, and what then seemed a dream became a reality. Then I, too, sighed and smiled as teacher sighed and smiled so many years ago. It is not an easy task to guide little lives given to your care.

So, little reader, together we will solve a puzzle—how to change teacher's frown and sigh to a hearty laugh and look of surprise. This little book and your active mind will perform the magic turn.

As the seasons bring forth their treasures, choose the one you like the best. Let us think of sweet spring. You know who sounds the welcome call—proud robin red-

breast. We all love him best. So take your book, find his picture, read the poem carefully and then for the surprise!

Slowly but surely, take two lines at a time, and commit them to memory—that means, learn them by heart. When you have your nature-study lesson and teacher has told you all she knows about Sir Robin, you with a broad smile and clear voice will recite your poem, which no one has ever heard before. I promise you a word of praise and a look of surprise and pleasure on teacher's face.

So, my dears, each month add a few new memory gems to your little store. In years to come, when, perhaps, you may teach little pupils of your own, they in turn, may have some happy surprises in store for you.

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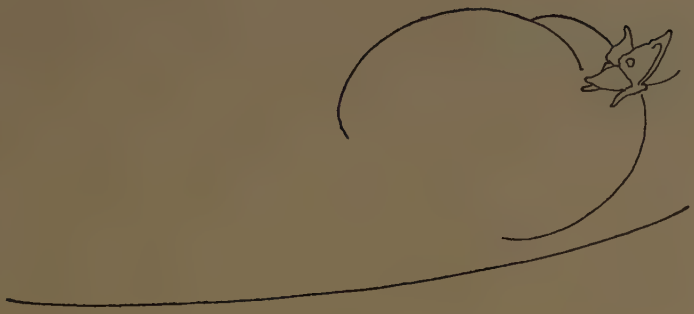

SPRING'S WELCOME

From the painting by Kaiser.

THE SISTERS

SPRING'S WELCOME

Pussy-willows from their buds are peeping.
Blades of grass, long hidden, upward creeping,
Robin Redbreast's call re-echoes loud and clear,
Modest violet lifts her head to hear.

Pussies wear their coats so soft and warm,
To shield their summer clothes from wind and
storm,
Violets seek a quiet shady nook,
Their fragrance sweet tells us just where to look.

So Spring receives a greeting rich and rare,
No season can with her in joy compare.
Thus to her call each child will soon respond,
As if a loving fairy waves her wand.

From the painting by Elizabeth Gardner Bouguereau.

TWO MOTHERS AND THEIR FAMILIES

NEW ARRIVALS

MOTHER hen's as happy as can be,
Her little brood of eight to see.
Each one, a fluffy yellow ball,
Sends forth a faint but joyous call.

"Cluck, cluck," is mother's answer clear,
It means, good luck, so have no fear,
My dears, you have so much to learn.
"Peep, peep," each chick replies in turn.

So listen well to all I say,
There is a time for work and play;
And when the sun sets in the west,
Seek mother's wings, 'neath them to rest.

From the painting by Ferrier.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

RED RIDING HOOD

With face so meek and feet so bare,
The same dear little cap you wear;
The basket filled with goodies too—
Oh, yes, Red Riding Hood, 'tis you.

Our mothers told this self-same tale,
The dreadful wolf, poor grandma's wail,
The little house so far from view,
The same old door-knob, tried by few.

How many hearts beat pitter-pat
When in dear mother's lap we sat,
And listened, oh, with breathless fear,
And wiped away a silent tear.

But fairy land is filled with joy,
And stories do so change, my boy,
That all ends as it did this day,
Red Riding Hood is back to stay.

From the painting by Munier.

ROBIN REDBREAST

ROBIN REDBREAST

Outside my window 'neath a leafy tree,
What but a real spring neighbor do I see!
A robin redbreast hopping o'er the lawn,
With babies five she greets the early morn.

So "hop, hop, hop," is the firm and rigid rule,
As children stop upon their way to school;
This thrifty mother and her little brood,
Are chirping gayly as they look for food.

Mother Robin teaches them to build a nest,
And tells them of the life she thinks is best;
Like all good children, little red throats say—
"Indeed we will obey, at work or play!"

From the painting by Meyer von Bremen.

STUDY

THE AWAKENING

My thoughts are little wanderers tonight,
And tease and fret and coax to roam,
The pen pleads rest, the problems won't solve right—
A voice is drawing me from home.

With howl and moan and steel-cut blast he calls,
Staunch, sturdy, blustry March so strong,
Who, spite of frosty looks and frown, installs
New life unto a waiting throng.

The tone seems gruff, but endless joy it bears,
To quiv'ring seeds, beneath the ground,
Who in commotion offer up their shares
Of wealth, at his most welcome sound.

Violet her fragrance, hyacinth her bells,
Arbutus rare her blossoms pale;
Over mountain slopes and wat'ry dells
A million voices join the trumpet gale.

The pine will wear a fringe of softer green—
Willow buds their furry coats unfold,
All nature's children wake from sleep serene
Her lavish treasures to behold.

From the painting by Karr.

SUNSHINE

TWO LITTLE VISITORS

Two little strangers came this way,
The one on wing and one to stay;
The old forsaken elm tree smiled—
"The same familiar tap, my child."

For years its bark, a sheltering wall,
To all woodpeckers, large and small;
His crimson cap, a fitting dome
To crown and guard this summer home.

But 'neath our wall a tiny cry,
A little angel from on high.
No wings I see, but God above
Sent sister sailing on a dove.

When wintry storms howl from the west
And shake the old tree's empty nest,
We'll tuck our darling safe from harm
'Neath mother's loving, clinging arm.

From the painting by Lebrun.

MME. LEBRUN AND HER DAUGHTER

THE GOOD-NIGHT KISS

Oh, the joy, the love, the bliss,
That lies in mother's nightly kiss!
This kiss, a seal at close of day,
Guides many hearts in work or play.

When lips to lips in love are pressed,
How lavishly that child is bless'd.
So ere your eyes seek quiet sleep,
Ask God that you this joy may keep.

No riches can in wealth compare,
With mother's kiss or father's care.
Thank God for these, my child, each night,
And seek those lips at morning's light.

From the painting by F. Senderland.

BEFORE THE JUDGE

TWO LITTLE CULPRITS

With heads bowed low and tear-stained eyes
And hearts that heave the deepest sighs,
These little culprits guilty plead;
A forewarned lesson failed to heed.

They heard a chirp, they spied a nest,
And I will whisper all the rest—
A home disturbed, a mother robbed
Of babes who chirp their saddest sob.

All promises are now in vain—
Where can she shelter from the rain?
Where feed her young, where snuggle warm
When blow the gales of summer's storm?

Think well, my boys, lest you forget,
One prank of mischief brings regret.
No tears, no sighs, no words restore
The joy oft felt so short before.

From the painting by R. Beyschlag.

SPRING HAS COME AGAIN

APRIL

I'm coming, coming, children dear,
With tripping step and breezes clear.
I carry my umbrella, too,
Although the skies are bright and blue.

And often times I sigh and weep,
For fear the flowers too soundly sleep,
But as they raise their faces sweet,
A smile I have my pets to greet.

I wake the flow'rets from their nap,
And violets sweet, in kisses wrap.
My name you all can guess, I know,
I greet you after March winds blow.

From the painting by Laux.

SWALLOWS

BUILDING THE NEST

Little happy birds are we,
Singing 'neath this apple tree.
We've worked and toil'd this long, long day,
And had no time to think of play.

Upon the topmost branch, so high,
Look closely and a nest you'll spy.
We've gathered leaves and feathers bright
To weave this nest, far out of sight.

Though breezes blow and branches sway,
We'll swing and rock through night and day.
In love we'll sing to God on high
And let our praises reach the sky.

From the painting by Faed.

HAPPY AS THE DAY IS LONG

HAPPY AS THE DAY IS LONG

A TINY sunbeam comes each morn
And stays until the day is gone.
She visits children far away
And dances lightly in their play.

For sunbeams are such cheerful friends,
And every day their laughter send
Into the lives of all they meet;
Each day its love in deeds repeat.

A little lass, and laddie, too,
Can try the self-same things to do
And crown each day so full of love
As with a sunbeam from above.

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From the painting by A. M. Willard.

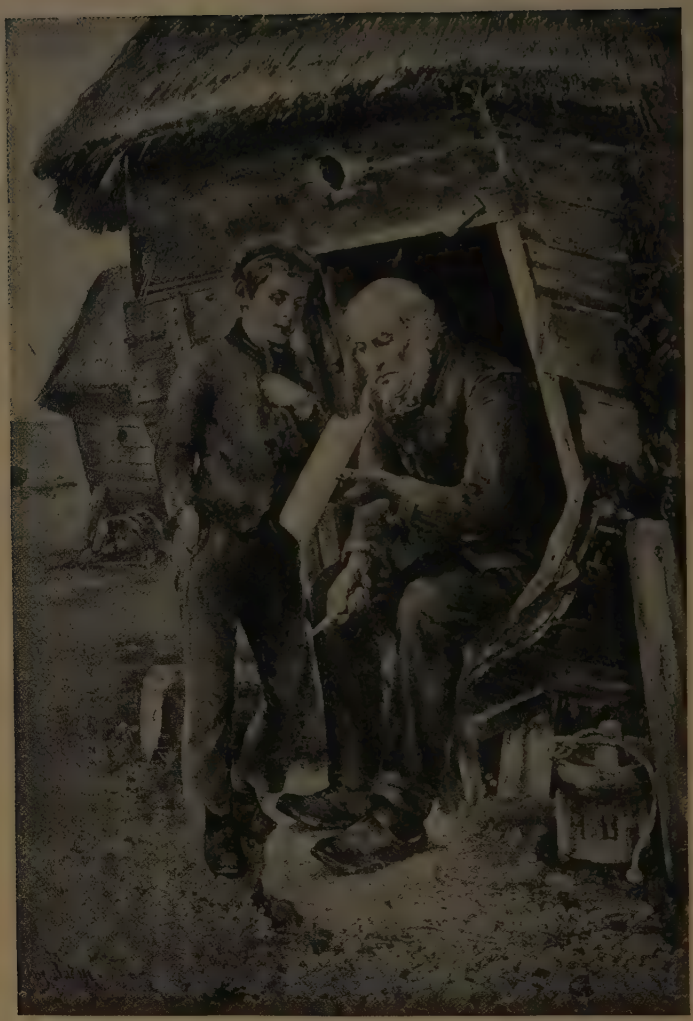
SPIRIT OF '76

DECORATION DAY

A THRILL of freedom fills the heart,
As we enact our sacred part.
We decorate each soldier's grave;
Our homage to the true and brave.

For those who died in freedom's cause,
With hearts that beat with love, we pause
To gather flowers, sweet and rare,
And give each hero's grave a share.

Banner of truth and peace and right,
Emblem of love and strength and might,
Wave your colors, red, white and blue,
Tell to all hearts their story true.



From the painting by Bacon.

LESSON IN BOAT BUILDING

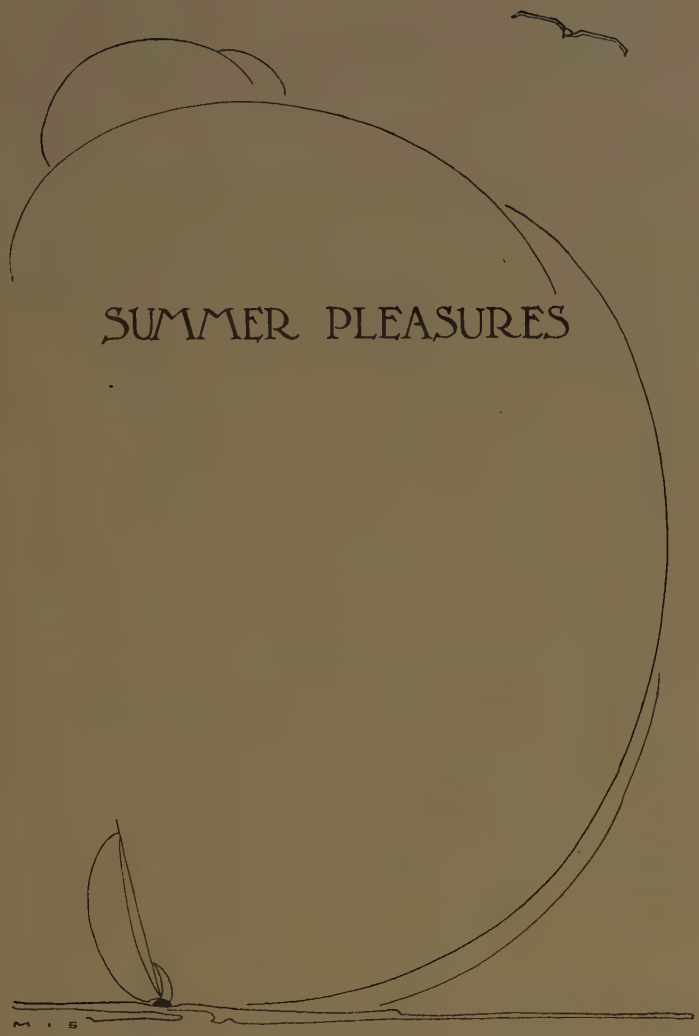
HIS FIRST TEACHER

Oft sitting near the ocean's shore
And whittling first a boat or oar,
Grandpa lived again, in play,
Adventures of his boyhood days.

Who could tell such breezy tales
Of shipwrecked sailors, wintry gales,
Sea captains bound in iron chains,
And safe returns 'mid storms and rain!

It seems to me I never knew
Just how strong the north wind blew,
Never dreamt that eyes could see
All I learned at granddad's knee.

SUMMER PLEASURES



From the painting by Plockhurst.

SUMMER PLEASURES

THE HONEY BEE

Oh, there's a thrifty little fellow
Whose dress is black in part, and yellow;
He's just as busy as can be,
This busy, busy, buzzing bee.

Before the sun begins to peep,
And birdies, too, are still asleep,
He starts to work with all his might,
And visits ev'ry flower bright.

Buzz, buzz, is all he has to say,
And not a moment left for play.
Back to the hive he flies in haste,
And teaches us no time to waste.

From the painting by Reynolds.

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE

FORGET-ME-NOT

Tell me, little flower, please do,
Where did you get those eyes so blue?

Perhaps from out the sky above,
The stars gave you a kiss of love.

In tears you stood, as you forgot
Which name God sent unto your lot.

Then softly sighed a tiny voice,
"Forget me not, weep not, rejoice!

"Trip lightly through the clouds, my dear,
And fall to earth without a fear."

So here you'll stay, so meek and sweet,
In love to blossom at our feet.

From the painting by Renouf.

A HELPING HAND

TWO LITTLE HANDS

A WONDROUS treasure baby's found,
So pure and white, so soft and round.
She coos and tells her tale of joy,
Two hands, so sweet, her greatest toy.

As from the road of baby days
To childhood's path of helpful ways;
By deeds of love and actions kind,
These little hands their work will find.

To lead an old man, gray and weak,
To guide the blind across the street,
Such acts as these small hands can do,
And make the world more cheerful, too.

From the painting by T. Breton.

THE SONG OF THE LARK

JUNE

Over the fields and meadows green,
The balmy air, the sky serene,
The singing larks and thrushes all
Send forth a joyous summer call.

The wildrose fills the woodland glade
As squirrels clatter in the shade;
The brooklet babbles on its way,
All nature's happy, all is gay.

The sunset glories fill the west,
The tired birdies hunt their nest.
The buttercups and daisies bright
Nod their heads to say good-night.

From the painting by Igler.

THE DOLL'S BATH

LITTLE HOUSEWIFE'S CARES

This day has been a busy one,
From early morn till setting sun;
Yet baby's bath I'll not forget,
Lest she be sad, poor little pet.

Dear baby loves to splash and play,
She's just as sweet as she is gay.
No cry, no word, if water's cold,
But does all things as she is told.

For fear of suds your eyes now close
While mother rubs your little nose.
So dear, that task is now complete,
Let us our daily prayer repeat.

From the painting by Walden.

OUT FOR A SAIL

WHAT THE DUCKS SAW

"Quack, quack!" is mother's gentle call,
To ducklings quick and proud and small.
"Splash, splash, splash! come follow me,
Good little children you must be."

Says mother duck to babies five,
"Just watch and you will learn to dive.
Oh, you need have no fear, my dears,
For ducks have done it many years."

"Quack, quack, quack!" promptly they reply,
As they obey without a sigh,
And splash, splash, splash! such fun as this,
Oh ho, indeed, they would not miss!

"We love to watch the children sail,
As we pass by, we try to hail
Their happy, smiling faces bright
And watch them till they're out of sight."

From the painting by C. B. D'Entraigues.

END OF THE JOURNEY

COMING HOME TO MOTHER

In story land all heroes bold,
All pranks of naughty girlies told,
All endings of these mighty tales
Come floating home on mother's sails.

Red Riding Hood and Sandy, too,
Goldilocks and Dear Boy Blue,
All drift upon this little ship
Which leads to mother's loving lip.

Not even fairies know the balm
That's huddled close 'neath mother's arm,
No magic wand can heal the bump
Like mother's sweetest sugar lump.

So warriors bold in armor gay
Seek this same path in childish play,
And son or little daughter dear
Let mother's kiss dry every tear.

From the painting by Wunsch.

THE MUSIC LESSON

MORNING SONG

We thank Thee, Father, kind and true,
For morning sun and skies so blue,
For mother's kiss and father's love—
We thank Thee, God, in realms above.

Guide us and guard our steps each day,
Teach us Thy love in work or play.
O Heavenly Father, kind to all,
We thank Thee for Thy morning's call.

O God, who sendest quick'ning showers
To leaves and thirsty little flowers.
We raise our voices loud and clear,
In thanks to Thee, our prayer to hear.

From the painting by H. Hardy.

BUTTERFLY CHASE

VACATION

VACATION time with all its joys,
Is close at hand for girls and boys.
All things must have a rest, you know;
Upon the shelves the books will go.

We'll live in fields and meadows bright,
And romp and play from morn till night.
We'll watch the little busy bees
And gather fruits from all the trees.

All nature's lessons we will learn,
And mother help at ev'ry turn,
So that with minds refreshed and gay,
We all will greet school's opening day.

From the painting by Dupré.

MILKING TIME

MILKING TIME

THE cow is in the meadow green,
Eating clover happy and serene.
To chew her cud is her delight,
She never stops from morn till night.

She has a rich and pure supply
For rosy cheeks and sparkling eye,
So love her, children, sweet and dear,
Give her a "thank you" loud and clear.

In orchards green she loves to roam,
At evening coming slowly home.
So when you hear her "moo, moo, moo,"
She's really calling "you, you, you."

From the painting by Defregger.

ASLEEP

FOUR-LEAF CLOVER

I've searched field and meadow over,
For just a four-leafed clover;
The three-leafed ones are ev'rywhere,
But, oh, the others are so rare.

God sent a fairy, blithe and free,
To drop on ev'ry stem just three.
Upon his way he sleepy grew
And by mistake dropped just a few.

So one for love and one for health,
The third one stands for endless wealth;
The fourth, the one he dropped in sleep,
Will ever "Good-luck" near you keep.

From the painting by Corot.

THE LAKE

RAINDROP'S TRAVELS

Pitter, patter, raindrops falling,
Flowers, leaves and grasses calling.
From a cozy little bed,
Each one lifts a thirsty head.

"Tell us, raindrops, do, we pray,
Of all you've seen upon your way?"
"We travel'd far, with comrades dear
From realms above, without a fear.

"But when we saw you droop and sigh,
We all came down from clouds on high.
God sent us in a merry shower
To comfort and refresh each flower."

From the painting by C. Max.

ANNA BRIGITTA

DANDELIONS

LIKE spots of sunshine here and there,
Dandelions grow 'most everywhere.
Just how they found their wealth of gold
These little flow'rets ne'er have told.

Was't in a mine beneath the ground
Where they this fortune rare have found,
Or can it be the sun so gay
Who kissed them each with a golden ray?

The gold will turn to silver soon,
After a brief, sweet honeymoon;
They're growing lonely, day by day,
And soon they all must blow away.

AUTUMN'S MESSAGE

From the painting by Breton.

THE GLEANER

LAST CALL

AUTUMN's message, sad and dreary,
Winds will sing to flowers a-weary.
Soon they too will bow and weep—
They do not want to go to sleep.

The wind will hum a lullaby,
And tell sweet tales of bye and bye
Until each sleepy little head
Lies down to rest in wintry bed.

To keep her children safe and warm
Through these long days of wind and storm,
Dame Nature spreads soft coverlets
O'er all her sleeping little pets.

From the painting by Henry LeRolle.

THE SHEPHERDESS

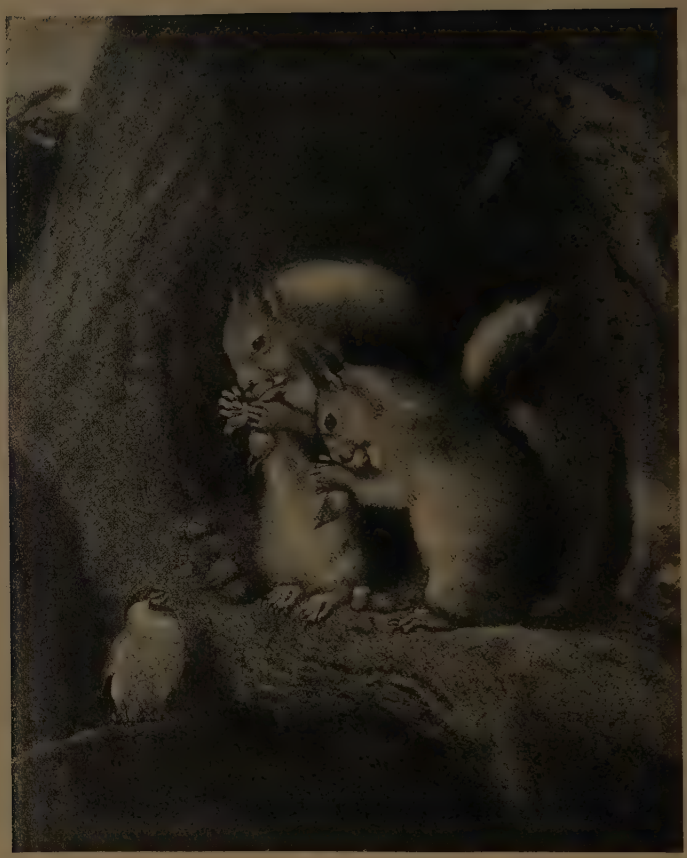
A SONG OF THE SHEEP-FOLD

Woolly lambkins in your glee,
Leaping lightly o'er the lea,
Were I only of your fold
All your secrets I'd be told.

How the bee the clover greets,
How the dew the violet meets,
How the robin finds the worm,
All these truths I'd quickly learn.

So gently and so sweetly, too,
All lullabies are hummed to you.
The moon above, a shepherdess,
The baby stars, her lambs, I guess.

And since your paths I cannot roam,
I'll dream of you, safe here at home,
And then perhaps you'll visit me
Some night in sleep, out on my lea.



From the painting by Landseer.

PIPER AND NUTCRACKERS

THE SQUIRREL

Sitting upright 'neath the tree,
Whom but Sir Squirrel do we see?
As autumn days again draw near,
His chitter chatter gay we hear.

So quick and nimble, swift and spry,
He climbs and springs to branches high;
Then with a jump, a hop, a bound,
Seeks a deep hollow, 'neath the ground.

These days are busy ones indeed,
To thus prepare for days of need:
He gathers all his home will hold,
For winter days are sad and cold.

From the painting by Adan.

ACROSS THE FIELDS

LEAVES' DEPARTURE

HARK, and you will hear a gentle sigh,
The leaves are thinking of the bye and bye,
When Mother Nature hushes all to rest,
And happy birds desert their summer nest.

Though very sad each little heart may be,
Gay dresses, red and golden, you will see.
Each little leaflet pleads and begs to stay,
But father tree in answer says, "Nay, nay."

"You, too, must sleep, my precious children, dear,
And when the wind calls loud and clear,
In your gayest robes of blushing hue,
You'll bid the world a fond and sweet adieu."

From the painting by Reynolds.

SAMUEL

CHILD'S PRAYER

Two little hands in love I fold
To God who sends both heat and cold.
Two little eyes in joy I raise,
And sing my thanks and words of praise.

Help me, O Father, kind and true,
And love upon my pathway strew.
Bless mother, father and the rest,
And grant all birds a sweet, soft nest.

See that I, too, may gently sleep,
And all my thoughts in safeguard keep,
That with the morning sun's first ray,
I, too, shall wake to greet the day.

From the painting by Schultze.

THE OLD MILL

JACK FROST

WHILE sleepy heads upon their pillows rest,
And Mother Nature works and does her best,
Jack Frost, her wilful, naughty child,
Is up to mischief, swift and wild.

At night, when mother thinks he safely sleeps,
Out from his hiding place he softly creeps,
With here a laugh, a pinch, a bite,—
All tiny blossoms feel his blight.

These little flow'rets sigh as though in pain,
"For months we've toiled and labor'd, but, in vain."
O Jack, you naughty, naughty boy,
Sweet nature's treasures to destroy.

E. Landor.

PUSS-IN-BOOTS

PUSS-IN-BOOTS

WHY, father's hunting high and low!
He left his boots in one straight row.
Who could have done this mischief then?
One shoe has gone astray again.

With eager eyes and mind intent,
To find the guilty one we're bent.
Dear baby follows in surprise
And soon we hear her jolly cries.

We hasten quickly to the spot
And find the one we all forgot—
In father's boot, see, puss there stands,
While we in joy all clap our hands.

From the painting by Geoffroy.

SCHOOL IN BRITTANY

MORNING GREETING

With bright and merry faces,
And hearts so light and gay,
We're gather'd in our places,
To spend a happy day.

But first a sweet, sweet welcome
To all my schoolmates dear,
Our sunny smiles will help some
The clouds to lift and clear.

We're happy as the day is long,
In school and in our play,
Now listen to our morning song,
To greet this joyous day.

From the painting by Mac Ewen.

BABY AND GRANDMA

HER FIRST DOLL

A GREAT granddaughter "post prepaid",
A little fair-haired, blue-eyed maid,
Came all these miles right to our door—
Just think of all the joy in store.

She'll be my little girlie dear,
And grandma's pet, her days to cheer;
For living far away from town,
We'll sew her dainty wedding gown.

I just can't think I never had
A real, true doll—just rag-made "Tad"—
Some kind, dear-hearted auntie thought
I needed this and Sunshine bought.

'Tis well to share all earthly joys,
And often, old forgotten toys
With little tots who crave and long
For just a sunbeam or sweet song.

From the painting by Holmes.

"CAN'T YOU TALK?"

ROVER

A FAITHFUL friend, with eyes so true,
Yes, Rover, dear, we do mean you.

You bark with joy when friends you hear;
Your presence drives away all fear.

With tender care a watch you keep
While we enjoy our nightly sleep.

You long but for a pleasant look,
And follow me in every nook.

Baby learns to love you day by day,
You guard her slumber and her play.

You look as if you understood;
Your love you'd tell if you but could.

Oh, can't you talk? Please, Rover, do—
Just say, "I love but you, I do."

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From the painting by Olivie.

INQUIETUDE

'TWIXT LOVE AND FEAR

I'd gladly share my lunch with you
But I'm a little scared, 'tis true.
Can't we be friends, O Fido, dear?
I'm happy when you hover near.

And yet I can't make up my mind,
Could you but smile and real words find
To tell me in your barking way
Just how to act while at our play.

For when you jump and bark and run,
Some girls would think it, oh, such fun!
But really, Fido dear, 'tis true
I'm just a little scared of you.

From the painting by Landseer.

HIGHLAND SHEPHERD'S HOME

LULLABY

Go to sleep, my precious little love,
God his watch will keep from realms above.
Sleep and slumber here on mother's breast,
Close your eyelids, pet, and sweetly rest.

Sleep, my love, my tiny star so bright,
Slumber gently through the peaceful night;
Moon and stars a loving watch will keep,
While you, my child, in dreamland sleep.

Rest, my own, in sweetest sleep, my dear,
All is still and peace reigns far and near.
Sleep, my baby, let your dreams be sweet,
Mother's kiss will your awakening greet.

From the painting by Mauve.

SHEEP, AUTUMN

TWILIGHT

The sun is sinking in the west,
And calls her children all to rest.

The farmer plods upon his way,
And thanks God at the close of day.

Birds seek their nests and sing, "Good-night,"
Sleep soundly, till the morning light."

Baby cuddles close in mother's arm,
Where she is safe from any harm.

The stars a faithful watch will keep
While Nature rests in peaceful sleep.

From the painting by Rothermel.

LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS

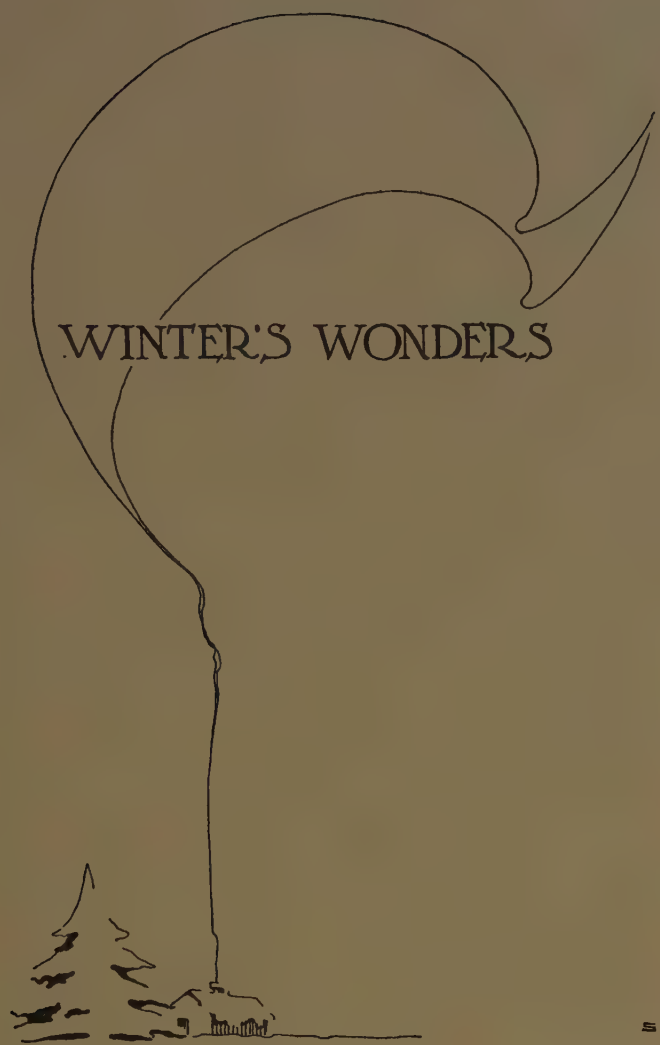
THANKSGIVING DAY

Dear children, think about this well,
The Pilgrims' tales great lessons tell
Of thankful hearts, so kind and true,
'Mid bitter trials and pleasures few.

November bleak and cold and gray
Brings with it glad Thanksgiving day.
Lift voices clear, sing forth your part,
And thank the Lord with all your heart,

For mother's love and father's care,
For joy and bounty ev'rywhere,
For health and freedom, light and love,
Thank God, who watches from above.

WINTER'S WONDERS



From the painting by Laux.

SPARROWS

FEEDING THE BIRDS

Every morn beneath my window,
I hear "Twit, twit, tiwee,"
Sun may shine or winds may blow,
This song the birdies sing to me.

"Twit, twit, tiwee," they say,
"We are as hungry as can be,"
So crumbs upon the ground I lay,
And oh, their joy is good to see!

They eat and sing, so blithe and gay,
Calling "Twit, tiwee—I thank you, dear.".
A nod, a bow and then away,
Singing their song so loud and clear.

From the painting by Barber.

MUTE APPEAL

TWO FRIENDS

O Pug, 'tis true you bark with pride
And seldom walk when you can ride.
If you but knew the strong delight
To help a soul who's lost his sight.

Your little mistress kind and prim,
With bonnet ruffled at the brim,
Cannot in wealth of love compare
With my dear master's voice so rare.

Each look speaks of deep gratitude,
His tone is never thoughtless, rude.
We are such pals, this master blind,
My heart around his life I wind.

I'll pledge each moment of the day
To guide him on his helpless way.
Why, Pug, I wouldn't change with you
For all the bells and collars too.

From the painting by Fröschl.

FIRST REAL SORROW

DOLLY'S FATE

My dolly's had a dreadful fall,
The doctor I must quickly call.
And Fido's hurt her, little dear,
And she is very sick, I fear.

O doctor, I'm so glad you came,
'Twas carelessness and I'm to blame.
I'll nurse her faithfully indeed
And ev'ry move and action heed.

Oh, hush, my baby, do not weep,
But close your eyes and try to sleep.
Indeed, I know it pains you, love,
Your mother's little turtle dove.

From the painting by Goodman.

"WANT TO SEE THE WHEELS GO WOUND"

TICK-TOCK

For years and years and endless days
It never stops, but sways and sways,
The dear old self-same wondrous clock:
"Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock."

For nights and nights, I've thought and sighed,
I listened so I almost cried,
But not a word, you naughty clock:
"Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock."

The wheels go round when babies sleep,
I just stepped down to give one peep.
All day, all night, you faithful clock,
You say, "Tick-tock, tick-tock."

From the painting by Kaulbach.

A FRIGHTFUL OBJECT

I'M JUST SO SCARED!

I'm just so frightened, oh, dear me,
What dreadful object do I see!
He's looking straight this way, I know,
Oh, how I wish he'd let me go!

My eyes just pop, my hair's on end,
His arms so stiff, his knees won't bend,
Oh, dolly dear, I love you so—
Oh, how I wish he'd let me go!

What's that you say? "A soldier boy?"
Who ever saw quite such a toy!
I never can forget this woe.
Oh, how I wish he'd let me go!

Yes, little man, do, please, I pray,
March quickly in a soldier's way.
I hear the bugle calling you—
Oh, how I wish you'd go, I do!

From a photograph.

WINTER'S WONDERS

WINTER

The flowers all have gone to sleep.
The trees are bare, the cold winds weep;
The birds their nests have long forsaken,
Their songs no more the woodlands waken.

The pine and fir and hemlock, too,
Retain their dress of dark green hue;
They fear no storm or wind or snow,
But stand erect while north winds blow.

Dame Nature shakes her feather-bed,
Soft snowflakes fall from overhead
And spread a blanket pure and white
O'er sleeping children, far from sight.

From the painting by Jan Steen.

Into their warm and cozy beds
The little ones have tucked their heads.

Oh, 'tis so hard to fall asleep,
Each eye wants but a tiny peep,

Just hark!—now, listen!—sleigh-bells near?
Dear Santa Claus must soon be here.

The stockings hang in one straight row,
Near the chimney, Santa'll surely know.

The reindeer fairly fly through space,
Untold, they know each stopping place.

But we must close our eyes real tight,
Nor guess the secrets of the night.

And in the morning, Oh, the joy!
Just every kind of cake and toy.

And goodies all from goodie land,
Arranged by Santa's generous hand.

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